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I am prepared to accommodate my friends
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The Bar will always be supplied with the
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Jan. 4-73.

Select Poetry.

MY FAMILIAR.

BY JOHN G. BAXE.

Again I hear that cracking step!
He's knocking at the door!
Too well I know the hounding sound
That ushers in the bore.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes,
But heaven defend me from the friend
Who comes but never goes.

He drops into an easy chair,
And asks about the news;
He peeps into my manuscript,
And gives his candid views.
He tells me where he likes the line,
And where he's forced to grieve;
He takes the strongest liberties—
But never takes his leave!

He reads my daily papers through
Before I've seen a word;
He scans the lyrics that I wrote,
And thinks it quite absurd;
He calmly smokes my last cigar,
And coolly asks for more;
He opens every thing he sees—
Except the entry door.

He talks about his fragile health,
And tells me of his pains;
He suffers from a scurfy ail,
Of which he never complains;
And how he struggled once with death,
He'll boast throughout the day.
On those like those away he goes—
But never goes away.

He tells me of the shallow words
Some cutting critic wrote;
And every precious paragraph
Familiarly can quote.
He thinks the writer did me wrong;
He'd like to run him through,
He says a thousand pleasant things—
But never says "adieu!"

Whenever he comes—that dreadful man—
Disgrace it as I may,
I know that, like an autumn rain,
He'll fall throughout the day.
To sit in words of sweetest taste,
In vain I seek and wait;
A town is no extinguisher—
It does not put him out.

I mean to take the knocker off,
Put craps upon the door,
Or hint to him that I am gone
To sit a month or more.
I do not tremble when I meet
The stoutest of my foes;
But heaven defend me from the friend
Who never, never goes!

Select Story.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

"Is this seat engaged, sir?"
I glanced up from the paper I was read-
ing, and met the smiling regards of a gen-
eral-looking man in the prime of life.
"It is not, sir."
"With your permission, then," as he
seated himself beside me.

The train had already started, and the
conductor presently made his appearance,
collecting the tickets. Reaching us, he
detached the appropriate coupons from
our tickets, handing back the remainder
with the usual "check."
"Pardon me," said my companion,
"but I perceive you place your ticket in
your wallet."
"Yes."
"It is unwise, unsafe."
"Why do you consider it so?" I in-
quired with curiosity, returning my wallet
to my pocket.

"Suppose, through carelessness, or we
may say accident, your wallet is lost—
your pocket may be picked, for instance."
"Yes."
"Your money and your ticket are both
gone. Possibly you do not appreciate the
beauties of such a position. I do not
think it possible except by experience."
"It would certainly be an undesirable
situation. I can see that clearly enough.
Pardon the question, naturally suggested—
were you ever so placed?"
"Once—only once."
"How was that?"

"You wish to profit by my experience.
Well, I don't know that I mind telling
you the story. It may serve to amuse
you, if nothing more."
"It occurred a number of years ago,
and is of no consequence. I had taken
the early express train, and being some-
what tired and altogether sleepy, had
stretched myself upon a seat for as com-
fortable a nap as circumstances would per-
mit. I sleep soundly, for I could in those
days sleep soundly anywhere, and did not
awaken until the conductor came for my
ticket. I was positive I had purchased a
ticket; indeed, I remembered distinctly
having shown it to the baggage clerk at
the time of checking my trunk.

"The conductor grew impatient, passed
to the other end of the car and returned
to me. I had made the discovery that
my pocket-book had been stolen, and in
proof of my story showed him my bag-
gage check.
"It was useless. If you have traveled
much you are aware that a virtuous con-
ductor takes no man's word; in fact, all
men have designs upon the company's
dividend but himself. It was perfectly
natural, therefore, that the faithful stew-
ard in question should say:
"The check is all right; but how do I
know that it belongs to you? I will take
the money for your fare, or stop the train
and put you off, just as you choose."
What could I do? Protests
amounted to nothing, and fellow-passen-
gers, with the usual tenacity to trample
upon a fallen man, showed clearly by their
looks and expressions that they thought
me a smoking rascal, who would steal his
money; why should I not pay mine?
Few men would ever see heaven if judg-

ment was rendered by a jury—except
themselves.

My search for the lost ticket brought to
light just a dollar and eighty cents. This
I told the conductor, was every cent I had
about me. He said it was fifty cents
shorter than the usual fare to Lauderdale
City, but that he would pass me through
for it rather than stop the train. From
Lauderdale, a city of such importance, I
could write to my partner for money. I
could certainly be as well as to tramp ten
or twelve miles back to the city I had left,
and where I should be no better off, being
equally a stranger there. In due time I
found myself in Lauderdale, went to the
best hotel, telegraphed for money and
wrote an explanatory note to my partner.
This business attended to, I walked out to
see what sort of a place Lauderdale City
might be. There was nothing to do but
amuse myself the best I could until the
money should come. As I strolled leisurely
up the main street, a news-boy started
out of a printing office, crying:
"Daily Banner—extra edition—all
about the murder—great excitement on
the E—r—r—r," etc., etc. "Have an
extra!"

I took the sheet and thrust my hand into
my pocket for the money without a
moment's thought. You may imagine
my feelings when compelled to return that
two-penny bit of a paper back to the boy,
with the muttered excuse that I had no
change, and the utterly contemptuous ex-
pression on the boy's face as he received it.
I immediately stepped into the office
of my recent mishap, taking care to make it
as amusing as possible. When completed
I handed it to the clerk. He read it,
laughed, and took it into the private office.
Coming back a few minutes after, he told
the book-keeper to give me fifty cents.
It was not much, but more than I ex-
pected.

Well, I continued my walk until I finally
reached the end of the street which
terminates at the S—r—r—r river, here
spanned by a long covered bridge. I
crossed the bridge and was surprised to
see upon reaching the opposite side that I
would be required to pay toll. A young
girl came to the door of the little office as
I stepped up and inquired how much I
should pay, drawing forth my solitary
shimble.

"Oh!" said she, with a smile and a
slight blush, "we do not charge ministers
anything."
It was a bad joke, but I suppressed the
laugh that arose to my lips, and thinking
her for the consideration shown to the
clergy, I turned about and retraced my
steps to the hotel, not without some
strangeness of consequence for allowing this
mistake to pass and taking advantage of it.
My first duty next morning was to seek
some knight of the razor, I had noticed a
pleasant little shop at no great distance
from the hotel, in my walk the previous
day. Thinking that I should do no harm
for looking further, I repaired to that
there was in attendance a boy about
twelve years of age, who stated that his
father, the proprietor, had gone to a
neighboring city, and would not return
before noon. Without any hesitation I
asked for the loan of a razor, and proceeded
to operate on myself. While thus occu-
pied, the customer began to protest them-
selves, expressing great dissatisfaction on
learning how matters stood. Now, al-
though I am a proud man, I am not
vain; which prevents a man's doing cer-
tain kinds of honest labor simply because
they are not genteel. Here on opportu-
nity offered to at least earn the price of my
barbering. I took advantage of it, and
the first man that came in, after I had
completed shaving myself, I would shave
him. Indeed, in fact, I did quite a
brisk business for a couple of hours, and
if any of the unfortunate individuals who
came under my hand had any doubt of
my fitness for the business, they certainly
expressed none. At the expiration of
that time I began to think I had done suf-
ficient, and feeling rather hungry, having
had no breakfast, I divided the proceed-
ings with the boy, and prepared to return to
my hotel. But was not done yet. As I
was handing my last a young damsel
of peculiar humanity came in. Resolved
that she should be the last, I went to work
on him. When he came to pay me, I was
to say the least, somewhat surprised to
see him deliberately produce my own
pocket-book—the one I had lost. Stand-
ing on no ceremony, I snatched it from
his hand, and demanded in no gentle tone
how it came into his possession.

Without stopping to reply other than
by a volley of imprecations, as he reached
the door, he tumbled rather than ran
down stairs into the street. Waiting for
neither hat nor coat, I follow d the pocket-
book in my hand. We measured con-
siderable ground in a short space of time.
On, on, it was a very exciting chase.
Men, boys and dogs joined in the pursuit,
the cries of "stop this!" grew louder and
increasing. What an up or there was!
Suddenly there came a flash of light,
sharp and vivid for an instant, then utter
darkness. A police man, mistaking me
for a thief, had gently tapped me on the
head, as their usual custom, and the thief
escaped, and I, the victim, was apprehend-
ed. My appearance told heavily against me;
but my story being fully corroborated
by the boy at the barber shop, I was released.

Upon examining the wallet I found my
money in fact, and about \$130 besides.
That is all the story.
"Not a bad speculation, after all," said
I, as he concluded.

"Well, perhaps not. No, it was not,
but still my advice holds good: Never
place a railway ticket in your wallet."

A Noble Spirit.

"There is an enduring tenderness,"
says Washington Irving, "in the love of
a mother for her son, that transcends all
other affections of the heart." We have
just heard a touching illustration of the
fact, that the love of a son for his mother
may also transcend and swallow up all
other affections, at a moment, too, when
he might well be pardoned for remember-
ing only his own great trials. Some two
years ago, a young man, belonging to
Philadelphia, was returning by railroad
to that city, from the town of Reading,
Pa. By an accident which happened to
the train as it was approaching town, and
while he was standing upon the platform,
he was thrown off, and fell partly under
the wheel of the succeeding car; and his
right arm, "marrow, bones and all," was
crushed to a jelly, and dropped uselessly
at his side. This, however, was fortun-
ately his only injury. He was a young
man of determined nerve, and of the nob-
lest spirit. He uttered no complaint—
not even a groan. When the train arriv-
ed at the depot, a carriage was immedi-
ately called, when, attended by his friend,
he said to the coachman, "Drive at once
to Dr. M—'s in Walnut street."

"Habit! you better go immediately
home?" asked his friend.
"No," said he, "I don't want them to
know anything about me until it is all
over."
Our hero, for he was a hero, was deaf
to all the counter-remonstrances of his
friend, and they drove rapidly to the
house of the eminent surgeon alluded to.
They were shown into the parlor, and the
doctor was summoned. After an exami-
nation, "Well, my dear fellow," said the
surgeon, for he was well acquainted with
his patient, "you know, I suppose, what
must be done?"

"I do," he replied, "and it is for the
purpose of having it done that I am here."
"My surgical table," said the doctor,
"is below." "Can it not be done without
that?" asked the sufferer. "I cannot be
rid," I cannot be held. Amputate my
arm here, doctor," he continued, holding
out his dangling limb over the back of the
sofa. "Do it here, doctor; I shall not
flinch; I shall not interfere with your op-
erations."

The limb was bared; two attendants,
medical students in the house, were sum-
moned; the arm was taken off above the
elbow, while the patient sat as he had re-
quested, uttering no groan, nor speaking
a single word while the operation was be-
ing performed. The dressings were ap-
plied; and, attended by his friend, the
patient had reached the door, on his way
to his own home, which was very near
by when he turned round to the surgeon,
and said: "Doctor, I should like to look
at my arm once more, pray let me see it."
The surgeon raised the mangled limb;
the patient gazed at the bloodless hand,
and said: "Doctor, there is a ring
upon the middle finger of that hand;
won't you take it off for me? My Morn-
ing gave me that ring when she was on
her death-bed. I can part with my arm,
but while I live I can't part with that
ring." The ring was slipped from the
said, white finger; put it on that finger,"
said he, holding out the same finger of
his left hand. As he was leaving the
door, with his attendants, to enter the
carriage, he said: "How shall I break
this thing to my poor sister? Is not
this a true hero," reader?—Kieckhefer.

CONGRESSIONAL SPLITTING.—Don Platt,
in a philosophical dissertation upon the ex-
travagant cost of speeches for Congress,
recommends a portable one for each mem-
ber and says: "As each carries his tobacco
box why not his spittoon, through the
use of which he can spit and about hotels
and at private houses he could save the carpets
of his friends and the dresses of women?
We know that your tobacco-chokers ex-
patriate with the accuracy of a rifle shot
across a room into the box of a grate, but
the fears of nervous people that there may
be a random shot at times should be
taken into account. We know, once, for
example, when the late Wm. Polk, brother
of the President, and ex-Minister to
Naples, was firing at a distant grate, with
said Dickerson, a great dandy at the time,
sitting alarmingly near the line of practice,
Ned could not resist the impulse of
drawing back at each explosion. Polk,
observing this, paused in the exercise and
solemnly said, 'Young man, don't do that.
If you dodge you're lost!'"

A German paper contains a reply from
a clergyman who was traveling, and who
stopped at a hotel much frequented by
what are termed "drummers." The host,
not being used to have clergymen at his
table, looked at him with surprise; the
clerk used all their artillery of wit upon
him, without eliciting a remark in self-de-
fence. The worthy clergyman ate his
dinner quietly, apparently without observ-
ing the gibes and sneers of his neighbors.
One of them at last, in despair at his for-
bearance, said to him:
"Well, I wonder at your patience! Have
you not heard all that has been said
against you?"

"Oh, yes, but I am used to it. Do you
not know who I am?"
"No, sir."
"Well, I will inform you. I am chap-
lain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks
have no effect upon me."

For the Middletown Transcript.

A Trip to Baltimore.

Baltimore has been well characterized
as the "Monumental City," for, with the
number of attractive monuments already
completed and erected she is not content,
and more are being carved and positioned
in different parts of the city.

Desiring to "do Baltimore" for a few
days, and seek its objects of interest and
pleasure, we left Middletown on the morn-
ing of the 7th inst. and drove to George-
town, Md., where we took the steamer
"Trumpeter," which, by the way, affords
every convenience for an agreeable trip,
and after a pleasant steam out of the Sassa-
fras and the Bay, we entered the harbor
of Baltimore just as a shower of rain came
up. We were soon in the midst of busi-
ness activity and the commotion always
found in large cities. But, with all busi-
ness matters resting upon them, Balti-
more people, a pleasant exception of
course, find time to show you a welcome
in a way that at once gains your admira-
tion. One cannot see that crabbly, un-
bearable disposition that he is greeted with
in other cities, but is told to be "perfect-
ly at ease" and "call again when conven-
ient." The genuine hospitality for which
Baltimore people are famous needs no
more than a visit there to convince the
doubter.

Druid Hill Park is the resort of many
as a change from the heat of the city. It
is the principal park, and is the most
beautiful and attractive because the scenery
is mostly natural. Druid Hill contains
1000 acres, and is a decided credit to the
commissioners and the inhabitants of Bal-
timore. As yet, there are few who visit
there, unless it is to drive, on account of
the weather being so cool. The entrance
on Enoch street is well worth the visitor's
notice, as there is a row of large urns on
either side, filled with flowers or moss,
that extends in the park about 300 yards.

Greenmount Cemetery affords you an
interesting walk. This is the principal
cemetery of the city, and contains some
very handsome monuments to the honored
dead. Additional lands are being bought
for the extension of Greenmount, which
will make it of more interest to botanists;
also, by-the-way, are the Elms.

We had the pleasure of attending the
"May Queen Ball" of H. J. Russell's
dancing school, given in the Masonic Tem-
ple on Charles street on the evening of
the 24th, and were highly pleased with the
exercises, which commenced by the crown-
ing of the queen. This young lady was a
former visitor in Middletown, and was the
queen Elizabeth of that occasion. Rus-
sell is well-known throughout the city,
and has a reputation for good teaching, as
well as having a taste to arrange these
annual balls so as to make them success-
ful. We greatly enjoyed the half-past four,
so sleepy "half never was."

The excitement caused by the receipt of
the news of the Lamprey murderers trying
to escape at Annapolis, was intense in
Baltimore. Discussions were heard every-
where, and all showing a desire to see
them hung after such a method as they
adopted proved fruitless. This murder,
as you remember, was as horrible as any
ever committed in Maryland, from the fact
that the victim was showing the greatest
hospitality when she was struck. One in-
cident of this murder was that Mr. Lamp-
rey, who is very old, attended a theatre
that night for the first time in his life.
The sentence of the murderers, as you are
aware, is too lenient for the crime.

Of Baltimore one can see she is behind
the times in business capacities; i. e. she
lacks improving them. For instance:
We went to three music stores for some
music published in Philadelphia last Fall,
and could not get it, for the simple reason
that they "did not hear of it yet." In
other ways Baltimore needs improving. If
a part of the money that is being expended
on the new City Hall had been appropriated
for the cleansing and widening of some of
the streets, it would show the city off to
a better advantage.

We returned to Middletown on the 12th
well pleased with Baltimore, although the
weather was very unfavorable for a good
inspection. Yours, L. S. L. P.
Middletown, Del., May 16.

Go Slow.—Young man don't get too
foxy. If you happen to get in posses-
sion of a few dollars act just as you did be-
fore you got them. Don't swell up and
burst. If you have a good share of brains
you won't do this; you will remember that
neither money, clothes, or good looks
make the man, and that worth is as often
garbed in a ragged coat as in broadcloth.
Don't stand on hotel steps, dangling your
watch chain and talking "boss." Those
who load themselves with airs are the
smallest kind of potatoes and the fewest in
the hill. A fat job often spoils young
men of weak minds. They immediately
commence to dress fine, and take great
pride in cultivating an aldermanic corpo-
ration and a sporting air. Sensible persons
are always disgusted with such actions
when they deign to notice them, which is
very seldom.

Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his
want of courtesy. Pleading one day be-
fore Lord Mansfield on some question of
manorial right, he chanced to say: "My
Lord, I can illustrate the point of my own
person—I myself have two little manors."
The judge immediately interposed, with
his usual blandish smile, "We all know
it, Sir Fletcher!"

He who spends before he thrives will
beg before he thinks.

Calling the Dead.

Everybody will remember that Matilda
Heron, the actress, while in California
some years since, married a lawyer popu-
larly known as "Harry Byrne," from
whom she subsequently parted. Upon his
death, a year or two ago, Miss Heron
went to San Francisco in the hope of re-
covering a portion at least of the handsome
property he was said to have left, in which
effort, we believe, she failed. Byrne was
universally admitted to be a man of rich
and scholarly literary attainments and of
original and eloquent genius as an advo-
cate. Among the many instances of his
power as a prosecutor, the following from
a "Frisco" paper, is perhaps the most
striking:

Some time in the year 18—, a gentle-
man from one section of the country, be-
ing displeased with the conduct, actions
or words of another from the other part
of the country, manifested his disapproval
by deliberately shooting him down.
In his hour of need the influence of his
clement was employed; his sectional
friends flocked around; eminent counsel
were engaged, among whom were the
names of such men as Baker, McDougal,
and Tingley, the leaders of the bar.—
Byrne, who occupied the position of Dis-
trict Attorney, being at that time a very
young man, felt it his duty to call to his
assistance a man of rising talents, who
was then winning his way to the position
he afterward attained—Elisha Cook.

The day of trial commenced, but it was
conceded on all sides that the prisoner,
with his eminent counsel, his command of
money, and his throng of sympathizing
friends, would cheat the gallows and mock
at justice. After the evidence was all in,
Mr. Cook made an able and brilliant open-
ing for the State, but to no avail. Then
followed the counsel for defence. They
were forcible, able, and eloquent. They
wrought a powerful effect upon the jury,
and it was palpable to all that there was
scarcely a possibility of a verdict antago-
nistic to the prisoner.

Mr. Byrne rose in the court-room, and
amid deep silence proceeded to close for
the prosecution. Pale as the white walls
around him, with long and flowing black
locks, his eye burning and glowing like a
blazing comet, he tore the veil of sophistry,
weaved around the subject by his adver-
saries, and laid the bald and awful facts be-
fore the jury. Now rising to awful de-
nunciation, he seemed a Nemesis to the
cowering criminal before him; now he
tuned his voice to low persuasion as he
sought to mould the jury to his wish.
But, as he paused, after a tremendous ef-
fort, his eye perspired him that, unless
he called to his aid some new and start-
ling line of action, the verdict would be
against him.

At the time an old and eccentric man
was build of the court. One of his pecu-
liarities was to sleep through the argu-
ments of counsel, and might could arouse
him save the command of the court or the
voice of the district attorney directing him
to do some official act; but at these well-
known sounds he would start from his seat
with an alacrity remarkable for one of his
years.

Turning to the old man, (who was en-
joying his usual nap, Byrne, to whom
this idiosyncrasy was well known, point-
ed his finger at the powerful lineaments of
his countenance, and enquired his faith-
ful attention to his duties. "But," said
he, "has in this case left one duty un-
performed?" Then, with a voice that
thrilled through men's hearts and made
the rafters ring: "Mr. Bailiff, call Wil-
liam Adams." The old man sprang from
his seat, and hurrying across the court-
room to the entrance beyond, called, in a
weird, thick manner, the dead man's name,
"William Adams, William Adams, Wil-
liam Adams, come into the court."

The criminal shivered in his seat, men's
blood flowed coldly, and the silence was
as death. Justice seemed crying to heav-
en for retribution; the faces of the jurors
grew white and blue, and each man gazed
his eyes upon the door as if he expected
the apparition to answer the summons.
"Gentlemen," continued Byrne, "that
witness can never come. The one who
can relate to you the circumstances of this
tragedy lies in his cold and silent grave.
No bailiff's voice can rouse him from his
eternal sleep; might save the clarion
blast of the Archangel's trumpet can pierce
the adamant walls of his resting place.
He has been deafened forever by him who
now stands arraigned at this bar. Base,
brutal, bloody man, upon you hangs this
awful responsibility. Your hands have
dabbled in his blood, and as the instru-
ment of outraged society, I demand your
conviction."

Genius triumphed. Justice was vindic-
ated, and the prisoner expiated his of-
fence on the scaffold.

A writer tells of a colored woman who
had been lately converted, but was unfortu-
nate as to fly into a passion over the mis-
doings of one of her neighbor's youngsters.
Her mistress remarked upon the improp-
riety of misconduct in the case of one about
to join church, and received this frank re-
sponse: "I have 'sperienced religion, an'
I's gwine to join the church, but Miss
B—, I'll seal 'dat nigger fust!"

A witness in a case, in one of the Pitts-
burg courts, on being asked his age, said
he didn't know exactly how old he was.
His mother had died when he was very
young, and he never had any talk with
his father on the subject. He thought
he might be thirty-one or thirty-eight.

In a Hundred Years.

There is a sunrise, and a lark's song
and an opening daisy to every night. We
saw a man to-day whose life was a failure.
He had worked and worked until the
palms of his hands were worn to the
bone; he had devised, and planned, and
contrived till his head had almost burst
with agony; he had agonized and wept
with fate till his body was ruined and
his intellect wrecked; he has fought
gambly but the odds were piled against
him, and cruel circumstances had drag-
ged him to the ground. So there he lay,
deserted by friends, bereft of fortune; a
panting, grasping, fainting man. The
officers of the law stood over him with the
terrible instruments of their office; his
wife, weak and sorrowful, and his hun-
gry eyed children were huddled around
her, their eager pangs half dulled with
wonder. The officer, in the name of jus-
tice, and by the majesty of the law, lays
his hand upon the door lock and declares
that the scanty furniture is seized in be-
half of the State, and that the house must
be vacated at once.

The poor man rises from the bed on
which he

